Away up in the Adirondack wilderness lies in the county of Hamilton. Greater in area than the State of Delaware, less in pepulation than the State of Nevada, it United States. With three thousand equare miles and four thousand inhabitants, it has not a wank a lawyer, nor a railroad. Two considerable settlements are found in the southern part of the county, at Wells and Indian Lake, but the bulk of the population is scattered in farms and logging camps through the wilderness. The chief, indeed almost the only, permanent industries are lumbering, farming, "guiding" and the vending of intoxicating liquors at retati.

As Hamilton county is to-day, so it has been for nearly a hundred years. Long before the days when Andrew Jackson was President this mountain community was in numbers, character and occupation what it now is, and going further back we find its settlements as early as almost any the history of New York. The pleasureseeker among its lakes and mountains is Algonquin, and after them patriot and Tory, fought for these miles of rugged forests and blooming meadow.

Here it was that young Sam Butler, with a party of Tories and Canadian Indians, came in the early summer 1777, crossing the wilderness with soldiers and artillery by incredible effort, to strike the Tryon county patriots in the flank, while St Leger took them in the front, hoping to break down that rear guard of the Revolution which at Oriskany foiled the British plan and made possible the crowning victory of Saratoga. It was on the shore of Lake Piseco that Sam Butler and the British Major Sinclair, a few hours' march ahead of their men, were met by Indian canoe-men, who told them of tough old Herkimer's stout fight at Oriskany, and so alarmed their followers, both white and red, that the whole troop fled precipitately to Canada, saving only one, and that the lightest, of the eighteen brass cannon which were to have garrisoned the projected Tory fort on the Mohawk; that one gun, taken two years before by the British from the Massachusetts men at Bunweight, and now stands in the citadel at Quebec. Its seventeen companions rusted in the damps of the forests for nearly a hundred years, and then discharged their volley upon the peaceful Sacandaga settlements in less force but perhaps as dangerous a guise as Butler had planned in the days of King George.

Once upon a time (it was a pleasant spring afternoon and in the shadows of the great forest) Davy Dunlap was picking up logs with a chain, a large iron hook and a pair of horses. The hook caught on something solid, heavy, well sunk into the ground, brought up the team with a jerk, and broke loose again. The yellow gleam where it had struck caugat Davy's eye. In an instant he was down on his knees prodding away with his peevy, until he had brought to light a long, round object which, through its coating of rust and dirt, showed the bright yellow color wherever struck by the metal. All the mountain stories of buried treasure and fabulous gold mines came to Davy's recollection. He sprang to his feet and ran for his father, who was busy at the skidway not far off.

In response to Davy's somewhat incoherent narrative, Andy Dunlap came slowly, looked at the mysterious find, and thea peered around him through the dim aisles of the forest. With a crowbar he sounded moss and rotting logs, and found here a brass cannon, and there the form of a gone wheel or wood-sled. Something queer had happened there, and something queer was on the ground, but wasn't gold.

If the news of Davy's find as it spread through the woods had come to an antiquartan, he would have secured the guns for the museum at Albany. If it had come to the small boys of a large town, just before the Fourth of July, the guns would soon have shouted for the independence of the rebels that they had marched from Canada to subjugate; but before either antiquarian or celebrating boys had heard the as well as horses. Flour went to \$20 a barstory. Davy's find came to the knowledge of a political economist-to the knowledge of Jimmy Tryon, the boy orator of Pump-

Pumpkin Hollow lies in a small clearing No great reform was ever accomplished by the beautiful wooded bend of the Sacandaga river in the town of Hope, and there Jimmy had grown up, watching the wagons come up the road and the logs go week for Peter's board. Under the gold down the river, until he was sixteen. Then he had wandered down to Gloversville, in Fulton county, where there were a railroad and a bank. Jimmy learned that no one could ride on a railroad without paying his fare, and no one could get money out of a bank unless he had put some in. and he became a Populist and wandered on to Albany. But Jimmy soon learned that there were greater curiosities to be seen than the Albany ones, and wandered further until he came to a city with a big white obelisk at one end and a big white dome at the other. In this city there were a great many men, each of whom could alk more than any of the rest, and what they did not talk they printed in the Rec-

From these men Jimmy learned a great many things which he had not learned in the red schoolhouse. He learned that the number of cows' tails required to reach to moon did not at all depend on the length of the tails. He learned that Shak- at the hotels at 75 cents a dozen were the speare was wrong in saying that "the thing call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but that Mr. Ignatius however fast wages might go up, they Donnelly had proved that the bard of never could get in sight of the prices of Avon ought to have said: "Call anything a rose; when marked with such a name 'twill smell as sweet." He learned that in measuring things it was better to have two or three yardsticks of different lengths, wise have had to fulfill their contracts and and that the best material for making yardsticks was india rubber. He learned that twice two does not only make four, but also five, six or seven, and that Con- and everybody had plenty of work so many gress might enforce this principle by appropriate legislation. And Jimmy learned great many other things that are not so. and, with them buzzing in his brain, went back to Pumpkin Hollow, watching until the opportunity should come when he might invent a way for everybody to get rich without working, just as the wise men at Washington had devised.

When the supervisors of the county met at Lake Pleasant on the first of September. everybody had heard and talked more or and plastered it himself, and got married ess about the old cannon that had been | and went down to Johnstown to buy some found, but nobody thought that here was furniture and things. The furniture man a source of wealth to the county that might make the farmers and lumbermen of the wilderness the most prosperous community on the face of the earth, until Jimmy arose and addressed the board.

His plan was this: seventeen guns weighed, as nearly as could be figured, about six hundred pounds apiece. Now, if the supervisors changed, would agree and order that an ounce of brass marked by somebody whom they should appoint should be called a dollar. every gun would be worth \$10,000, so that the whole of Butler's Battery would increase the wealth of Hamilton county by \$170,000, or \$42 per capita. "It is true," said | fellows must be a lot of gold bugs." Jimmy, "that the guns don't belong to the county, but to Andy Dunlap and his boy and the Sacandaga River Lumber Company of Fort Edward, who have claimed half their land, but they will spend the it, too." money, and there will be I of work for everybody. Thus plenty the infinite resources of our glorious county be developed. Thus shall we cease to be ground beneath the iron heel of the oppressor. To-day if we borrow a dollar a man we have to pay him a dollar back. If we hire a man to work for us at \$20 a month there is no way to get out of it but by paying him, paying him dollars which have cost us something. We are tired of submitting to these burdens which oppress us; we beg no more; we petition no more; we defy them; we are the hard ploneers who brave all the dangers of the wilderness and make the desert blossom as the rose. We ploneers away out here, rear- "You see," said the Johnstown man, "you go there. For the past few years Spanish ing our children near to nature's heart can't make a thing what it isn't by put- Fort, where General Jackson entered New

A NORTH WOODS EXPERIMENT tion of our young and cemeteries where

people in this State.' Some of the supervisors thought it might be well to consult with Fulton county, and sold its venison, but the Boy Orator loud and impressive tone, "is not this the greatest county, but one or two, in the State of New York? Why should we be slaves to the greed of Broadalbin and Batchellerville? I would be presumptuous at Johnstown again. He had a nice pair land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the whole From Indian Lake to Morehouseville let there rise the glorious response. To such | bought a few cows or somebody's farm, dastards as dare to lay a limit to the pow- or hired a gang of men to put him up a er of the Hamiltonian people to do what new barn, they please independently of all other peo-

altar of greenbacks." And so the supervisors of the seven one dissenting voice that William Peterson, the blacksmith at Wells, should get hourly reminded that here Iroquois and a die and should coin into a dollar every ounce of brass brought to him at the ratio of 16 to 1, sixteen ounces to one pound, without waiting for the consent of any to take much interest in the boom. They attempted to help anybody whose contract called for other dollars, they would fire him out and elect a new county judge. The single negative vote was cast by Lije Benson, of Indian Lake.

The wave of prosperity came with a rush. The Sacandaga River Lumber Company paid its back taxes for two years, -nearly fifty pounds of old brass. Andy Dunlap and all his friends had a perpetually splendid time at Jake Jones's hotel; and the Black River Lumber Company, although they hadn't found any guns, bought up some second-hand brass bedsteads from an auction and built a new dam on the outlet of South Canada lake. boarder would bring an old candlestick or | sign as supervisor, stair-rod in his valise and pav his board pockets full of money. He got a ker Hill, was saved at all cost, perhaps as lot of old castings in the railroad shop, a trophy, perhaps because the lightest in had them minted on his way, and went back with a wagonload of tubs of butter and nice little cheeses and deer skins, and a cow and two or three horses towing behind. The Sacandaga River Lumber Comtwice as many logs as usual and would spend two guns in wages if it should be necessary, so that everbody had lots of work. And real estate began to boom just as the Boy Orator had promised. There was a fine site for a tannery on Coleman's creek, in Gilmantown, but the year before Sam Coleman had asked \$500 for the water power and twenty acres, and the Gloversville tanner who wanted the place had stuck at \$350. But now, when the tanner heard of Hamilton county's free-coinage boom, he drove back as fast as his horse could trot with a lot of door knobs from a hides drawn from the railroad, and told the boys to bring in all the bark they could get-he'd take it all, and was writ-'Hamilton' County's Prosperity-A Great Influx of Foreign Capital. had that fall! How the deer had to scamper! In St. Lawrence and in Franklin counties there were few parties in the woods, but the stage companies had to put on extra teams to haul the hunters who poured by the trainlead into Northville and Prospect and Remsen and North

hand and a goodly supply of cartridges | won't sell for nothing but cash neither, for in his trunk. The parties stayed in the they can't collect nothing but brass money woods till they had fired off all their cart- if they have to sue the bills they trust one object and another half hidden under ridges, stopped at the mint on their way out, and it's worth less and less every home and had the empty shells coined into | day. good brass dollars, paid their guides and their board bills, and went home with a load of birds and venison, their cheeks name is good. Won't ye trust me for a glowing with health and their pockets no lighter than when they came. It was not long before prices began to rise. A horse that it would have been hard to sell at \$30 now brought a hundred and next week would bring \$250-in brass. Yet take that horse to Fulton county and you could get only \$30 for him. Everybody was sorry for the poor people down in Fulton county. Yet somehow the Fulton county people were foolish as well as poor. They sent all the brass they had up the river and imported everything that was for sale, even though they lost so heavily by doing it. And other things became more valuable

> rel, then \$50, then \$100. It was splendid. Even wages rose a little. The men who worked for the lumber companies at \$30 a month last year were now promised that they should have \$40 by and by. There were a few difficulties, of course. without difficulties. The man who complained first was Peter Tulliver. Peter was in jail that year for breaking the game | can.' The county allowed the sheriff \$3 a standard Peter had fared sumptuously on bread and ham and potatoes, but when potatoes went to a dollar apiece and ham to morning. Bill went straight to the point. So a pound, the sheriff felt it his duty not to exceed the appropriation, and Peter but I'm ruined; I want you should help. Tulliver grew so thin that they had to me out. I've got nothin in the world but let him have his gun and fish-pole and the a wagonload of old brass. My farm is key of the jail and tell him that if he would | gone. I've got no team to work with and sleep there nights it would be all right. for \$15 a month as long as she lived. Now her allowance would not keep her in toto the poorhouse she found that the poor tax would only support one pauper.

> When old man Wilks died she had sold provisions, and I've only the clothes I ights in the property to her stepson bacco, and when she applied for admission Willie Davis and Sam Smith caught wolf in a trap over west of Long lake and had to go to Wells to draw the bounty-\$30: but although they walked both ways they spent \$48 along the road, and yet had only one square meal and one good drink Then the county judge resigned, for his

salary would no longer supply him with postage stamps. The women who did washing for the lumbermen and the boarders next to suffer, and the families of the men who worked for day's wages found that, clothing and provisions. The schools were closed because the school tax would not buy pencils and stove wood, which was lucky for the teachers, who would otherwork for salaries that would not pay a quarter of their board. It seemed strange that when the county was so prosperous | passed the supervisors unanimously. people were hungry and ragged. Yet there was always a chance for a smart man. For example, there was Hen Cole. Hen had a steady job of chopping all through June and July for the Black River Lumber full of brass dollars and concluded to get but half his house, so Henry got some clapboards and patched up the unfinished end was glad to sell him, and Henry found things so reasonable compared with home prices that he bought a table and three ommon chairs and a patent rocking chair and a bedstead and a stove and some carpet and a nice brass kettle. But when he offered a handful of Hamilton county dol-lars in payment the shopman's face

"If I'd known you were from up the river, I wouldn't have spent so much time on you." he said. "We can't take those things. good money as ever was," he said. "You "Now look here, my young friend," said the furniture man, "where did this money

come from "I earned it," said Hen, "by guidin' at brass because the guns were found on | three dollars a day, and I worked hard for "All right," said the man. "Where did

the man get it that you guided?" "Well, he was a feller from Amsterdam and he brought up an old brass teakettle

and had it coined. "And you worked for him how long? Three weeks. Well," said the furniture man, "if you'd worked three weeks for good money you could have paid me easy, but I'm not going to give you a new kettle for an old one and throw in a bed and a stove and a lot of chairs. If I wanted an old kettle there's one out in the back yard." Hen was astonished as he had never

been astonished before. where they can mingle their voices with ting a label on it. There wasn't any the voices of the birds, out here where we have exected schoolhouses for the educa- blacksmith chopped that aettle into pieces white and consequently closed to colored boiler house, leaving the tools hanging in the last week when a rain and hail storm broke they can mingle their voices with ting a label on it. There wasn't any they determine the strength and power as soon as they determine the strength and power as soon as they determine the strength and power as soon as they determine the states are remunitation to the strength and power as soon as they determine the states are remunitation to the strength and power as soon as they determine the states are remunitation to the strength and power as soon as they determine the states are remunitation. There is absolutely nothing in the last week when a rain and hail storm broke the states are remunitation. There is absolutely nothing in the last week when a rain and hail storm broke the states are remunitation. There is absolutely nothing in the last week when a rain and hail storm broke the states are remunitation. There is absolutely nothing in the last week when a rain and hail storm broke the states are remunitation. There is a state in the last week when a rain and hail storm broke the states are remunitation. There is a state in the last week when a rain and hail storm broke the states are remunitation. There is a state in the last week when a rain and hail storm broke the states are remunitation. There is a state in the last week when a rain and hail storm broke the states are remunitation. The states are remunitation and the states are remunitation. There is a state in the states are remunitation and the states are remunitation and the states are remunitation. There is a state in the states are remunitation and the states are remunitation and the states are remunitation and the states

and marked the pieces than while it resleep the ashes of our dead, we deserve to manied a kettle. You can't get milk from have as cheap and abundant money as any a hedgehog by calling it a cow." Hen went out in front of the store and sat on the stone horse-block for half an hour in deep thought. Then he walked where Hamilton county bought its clothing into the furniture man's back yard picked up the old kettle that lay there, and corned him. "Is not." said Jimmy in a started for the mint. The next week he was back with a sheep which he had bought from a man in Morehouse. He sold indeed to present myself against the dis- of horses and a big wagon this time, and tinguished gentlemen to whom you have the wagon was full of country produce, of listened if this were but a measuring of knit stockings, and legs of mutton, and ability, but this is not a contest among rolls of butter, and fresh killed partridges. ersons. The humblest citizen in all the and all the nice things that the up-river country sends down to market. Hen took back a load of pig brass and bought a losts of error that they can oring. I come | roadside hotel with a flourishing trade in to speak to you in decense of a cause as its bar. But he displayed in his sales of holy as the cause of liberty, the cause of | drinks a preference for foreign money, and the Sacandaga River Lumber Company. every week his wagon went down to the railroad, and when it came back Hen

they please independently of all other peo-ples. I hurl their cowardice and lack of difficulty in paying for things outside of patriotism back in their faces. You shall | the county, so that they used their United not sacrifice Andy Dunning and the Sa- States money for their foreign trade and candaga River Lumber Company on an the brass money for the domestic transactions. As the Boy Orator explained to some puzzled citizens, "Even if the gold towns of Hamilton county voted with only and silver and greenbacks do go away, is there not brass enough to give everybody plenty of money

It was noticeable, too, that the greatest prosperity came to the poor men. The few rich men of the county did not seem other county, and that if the county judge | went about their business, took no more of the brass money than they could help, and paid that little very promptly to their hired men, or in buying the farms and live stock of their poorer neighbors. Lije Benson was the only one of the well-to-do men who traded extensively in Hamilton dollars. Soon after the free-coinage act became a law Lije took a three days' trip to Glens Falls and had a long conference with the officers of a bank. After this Lije's operations attracted much attention. He had a good many thousand dollars of brass coined, and of course became at once a wealthy and prosperous citizen. Then he went about calling on every man in the county, and of each man he bought one It took twenty men a month to build the suit of old working clothes and hired the dam, and the company paid good wages- | man's wife to put them in order. Also he every man had three pounds of brass to purchased pork and potatoes of everybody carry home. The summer boarders at the | who raised them, and laid in great stocks large hotels found it out too, and sent for of hay and oats, and bought nearly a huntheir friends. Soon there was such a rush | dred horses. A great many people thought for rooms as had never been known. Each | Lije was out of his mind and ought to re-

stair-rod in his valise and pav his board | "I tell ye," said old Bill Burton to his for a week. The countrymen who brought | wife, Sar' Ann, early one morning as by sot good prices now, and milk was quoted to Northville, "Life Benson is crazy if ever at 10 cents a quart-a whole ounce of brass | a man was. He's got that museum of old for ten quarts. Levey, the tin peddler, no cloes and a hundred horses eatin' their longer came up the river with a wagon of | heads off and more provision than ten famcotton stuff and tinware and went back | ilies could eat in a winter, and I believe he's spent every cent he had "Then he ain't the only old fool in town," responded Sar' Ann. "I know one that ain't got provision in the house to last three

days and winter comin' right on.' "Well, ain't I goin' to Northville now?" said the old man in disgust. "I'd gone pany announced that they would cut last week if I hadn't been kep' so in the woods It was past noon when Bill pulled up his borrowed team in front of Hank Meadows's general store in Northville Main street. Bill was hungry, but he decided to attend to business first. Entering the store

he sought the proprietor.

every man with a rifle in his line and ten dollars for a drink, and they

"Well, Hank, I wan't a big bill of goods Hank looked troubled. "Bill," said he, "I'd like to sell you, but unless you've got good money I can't.' "Ain't my money as good as any man's?" said Bill in much indignation. hardware store, and came right up to Sam's figures and paid him in cash just as quick as he could get the door knobs "I know," said Bill deprecatingly "that "I know," said Bill deprecatingly, "that through the mint, and sent to New York | folks do like the old kind of money a litfor some brass ingots and spent them all the better, but last I knew you could pass in putting up a fine building and hiring it; you could always pass a dollar for 50 cents up our way. But I've been in the woods the last month and things may have changed a little. But now, Hank," he said, ten up in the Adirondack Populist as his color rising, "I'ye traded with you twenty year, and if you go back on me now 'il do all my trading in Wells. The store-And what lots of engagements the guides | keepers there have got to take the county money whether they like it or not." "Yes, but you got to pay their price whether you like it or not," said Hank. They have to send down river for their goods and they can't pay for them in county money. Sile Donohue was here yesterday, and said to Wells they wanted Creek bound for the Hamilton hunting | ninety dollars, county money, for a clothes

> The old man's head shook. "Hank," said he, "if my money ain't good, you know my suit of clothes and my winter provisions? Hank hesitated a moment. he answered, "I can't, I know you're honest, but what property have you got? I've got every cent trusted out that I can stand in that county of yours, where a man can pay his debts with an old lamp. The old woodsman sat down on a washtub and his face quivered. "Hank," said he, "this morning I thought I was rich. I owed no man a cent and I had 10,000 county dollars hid in my potato cellar, but if what you say is true I haven't got a cent. I've got no provisions in the house. I sold my team last month to Hen Cole, and my very house and farm are sold, and I've got to give them up the 1st of March.' Meadows took a quick stride up and down the store. "Bill." said he, "it's a hard case, a darned hard case, but you're no worse off than half the people up your way. I've had 'em here every day this week. I'd help 'em all if I could, but I can't. Put what will keep you a week or two in the wagon and pay me when you

Burton drove home very slowly, very thoughtfully, and although Life Benson lived a dozen miles from the Burton farm Lije was disturbed at breakfast the next nothin' to eat. But you're rich. You've Mrs. Wilks was the next to complain. got a farm, you've got horse, you've got

"I won't go back on ye. Bill," answered Lije Benson. "I've seen this comin' and I've got ready so far as I could to help my friends. Come up in the garret and guess we can find a suit of good warm clothes that'll just about fit ye, and there's a wagon and a pair of horses in the barn that you can take home with a load of stuff, and if ye'll come back next week I'll give ye a job to draw bark that'll help ye to pay for the things. I don't calc'late to make any money on this bust up, and what you get from me will cost you just what they cost me.

The next day the supervisors met again The Boy Orator explained that if they would change the weight of the dollar from an ounce to half an ounce everybody would have twice as much money as before and another wave of prosperity would strike the county. Hen Cole and Levey the peddler, who now wore a big diamond in his shirt front, and the agents of the lumber companies, also expressed themselves as thinking that the reduction in wages and the rise in prices was a good thing and would enable them to compete with Japan.

Yet the repeal of the free-coinage act Of course they could not put things quite back where they were. Most of the property in the county had passed into the hands of speculators or had gone out of its borders to pay for the brass that had come in. But Andy Dunlap was the rich. Company, and a steady job of guiding all est man in the county, though he hadn't through August. Hen had a tomato can done a stroke of work in years; the Sacandaga River Lumber Company had never married. His father had never finished off | paid such big dividends, and the Black River Lumber Company had a very fine

The years have rolled by in Hamilton county on the same standard on which they roll by elsewhere. Many years of hard work have effaced the scars of that brief fever of prosperity. But the aged men still remember, and when the boy orators invent new means of sudden wealth to be gained by calling 50 cents a dollar, some venerable woodsman will take his pipe from his mouth and tell the events of the summer of 18-, and especially and many times over will he and his hearers who remember those days mention with great fervency the dam which cost the Black River Lumber Company sixty pounds weight of old brass. Indeed, the word is frequently spoken throughout Hamilton county:

Long has Lije Benson silent slept, And Jimmy Tryon silent sleeps; And time the ruined dam has swept Down the clear stream that seaward under an umbrella.

But in the forest's shadow cool Still warns the old abutment stone; No more the trick the sons shall fool Which fooled the sires in years agone. -New York Evening Post.

Race Prejudice in New Orleans. The negroes of New Orleans, who number 75,000, or about one-fourth of the whole population, have filed petitions with the several railroads to provide them with some park or picnic grounds where they can go of an evening. The public parks are legally open to them, but the race prejudice is so strong that very few venture to

people. "Little Woods" has followed suit, and the negroes have now nowhere to go. They point out that even in slavery days they had their special park set apart for them by the whites, and which still bears the name of "Congo Square." It has been rechristened Place d'Armes and Beauregard Place, but all in vain. It is still "Congo Square," in spite of all the city ordinances and the fact that the Congo negroes were crowded out a half century ago. One of the railroads and some leading ne-groes are now looking for a quiet, secuded spot that can be used as a colored Coney

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

The Judge. "Thou shalt not judge;" thou cans't not judge. Not power to pull the flesh aside and see Down to the very heart-roots; thou cans't no

The outer crust and 'neath the rough debris Discover where the motive dwells; nor chance To taste the stream when first it flows-before The tincture of peculiar circumstance Hath given to the pure, sweet water more

Of bitterness. Such fearful work can be Performed by Him alone who sits above All hearts and by His glance as with a key Unlocks the inner life of hate and love. What matter then if true souls feel the blight. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? -Robb Zaring. Indianapolis.

Lilies. What is the way the lilies grow? They sleep in winter under the snow, And stir in their sleep, and dream of the sky They shall look up to by and by; And when the spring, with fingers small, Reaches and touches and wakes them all, Then out they come, and up they go; That is the way the lilies grow!

And yet they do not suddenly lean Up from the bed of their winter sleep, Saying, "Behold, how grand are we, As big to-day as ever we'll be!" Oh, no; that is not the lilles' way, With strain, and striving to grow in a day: Calm and happy, and sure and slow-That is the way the lilies grow!

They draw their strength for leaf and stem

Out of the earth that cradled them Then catch in their tiny hands the rain To wash them clean of earthly stain, And lift their faces to air and sun That clothe in beauty every one, To heaven above from earth below-That is the way the lilies grow!

By and by, when the time is come, All unconscious they bud and bloom. Then, in a glory that far outshines Richest splendors of royal lines. Over the meadows in bright array. The lilies cluster, and seem to say, 'How this happened we do not know But that is the way we lilies grow!

Little children (and larger, too!). Let the lilies say this to you: Would you climb to the upper air, Strong, unsullied, and free of care, Gathering ever from earth and sky, Grace and glory in full supply, Would you win life's victory so? Consider the lilies, how they grow!

-R. W. Raymond, in the Outlook. How Will You Think of Me? How will you think of me when I am dead? I know at first while sorrow reigns supreme My virtues will be lonely love's one theme. There comes a day when all the tears are shed lowever deep the grief; and in that hour The dead stand forth all unidealized, And what they were-not merely what w

Speaks through the silence with insistent power the frequent jarring of a fretful word. The sullen answer and the peevish tone; All these fond love will pardon and condone, While by the living presence moved and stirred But when the grave has hidden form and face, The tone, the look, the manner will remain To haunt us with its pleasures or its pain: The soul's true order stealing down from space

emory of some dear ones whom we knew. Is like the scent of roses laid away: Though dead, they breathe sweet fragrance day and others are like rankest herbs and rue, Our leading thoughts, the words which we have

Are photographed on space, to reappear When we are gone. Oh! loved one, fond an How will you think of me when I am dead? -Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Giver. It beat against her outer gate, It clamored at her quiet door; The sordidness of human fate, The sorrow of the tempted poor.

She gave to all who called her name, As from a plenteous golden store, Uplifted words that left out shame, Of love bereft that leved the more, And those who leaned upon her grew Strong in life's ways to do the right; Faith and abounding peace they knew, Walking uprightly in her sight.

Then, smiling, to her heart she said, And now the world need never know How silently you lie, and dead, O piteous heart, that suffered so. "That from a depth of hopeless pain

I draw the words of cheer I call; And, lacking love and faith, I feign To give, who need the most of all. -S. D. Thompson, in Chicago Post. Waiting.

Golden summer and glowing wood And shining leaves o'erhead, Mazes of verdue and blossom And fair green moss to tread.

Who should be gayer than I?-but no. I wait and my heart is sore, Listen and wait for a bird to sing That sang in the wood before.

What though the rich air quiver. The waters sparkle along, What though the cushat is cooing, I am waiting for that one song, Waiting and listening and longing, Summer is shining in vain. Waiting and listening and longing For the song of that bird again.

But I know that if one bright presence Adown the pathway drew near, That bird on the instant were singing. The whole of my world were here.

-Chambers' Journal. Renouncement. must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong, I shun the thought that lurks in all delight-The thought of thee-and in the blue heaven's And in the sweetest passage of a song. Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng

This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright: But it must never, never come in sight; I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to closs each difficult day When night gives pause to the long watch And all my bonds I needs must loose apart, Must doff my will as raiment laid away,-With the first dream that comes with the firs

I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart. -Alice Meynell. Ode to Peace. Peace on earth and harvest time! Hail the day, but heal the scars! Heaven's blue, you bannered stars

slending in the far subline Sing peace on earth and harvest time! Peal the cannon! Clang the bell! Wave the banners! Bow and pray. Turn in gratitude to-day To mighty men who fought and fell-To Him who doeth all things well.

Peace on earth and harvest time!

The farmer sings: the battlefield Bears on her breast a gleaming shield Of corn that clangs in rippled rhyme-Lo! Peace on earth and harvest time!

-Joaquin Miller. Old World Bridges. How many bridges in how many a land Lese feet of mine at varying pace have crossed

The blue-green Reuss chilled thro' with Alpine By ancient beam and pictured rafter spanned. Where the quaint Musegg and Lucerna stand; Or Ponte Vecchio, with its shops embossed, Where Arno, soon in violet distance lost. New York Weekly. Weaves on and outward to the Tyrrhene strand. Yet, ever as I crossed, with me there crossed Spirits of other time, an urgent band: Swart men-at-arms, princes of proud com mand-And then, as if to foil the austere host,

Would pass some musing lover's tender ghost, "Certainly. Or child and mother, linked hand in hand. -Edith M. Thomas, in the Critic.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY. If you don't want to be unlucky in Ire-

land don't view a funeral procession from In France there is a law compelling physicians to write their prescriptions in the language of the country. A dealer says there is more steel used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world. Among the Turks the bodies of the dead are held in extreme reverence, although the cemeteries are used as picnic grounds, Platinum wires have been drawn so fine While it is true that a man has naturally that two of them twisted together could be inserted into the hollow of a human

Of the foreign born population of the United States the Irish are now only about 20 per cent., whereas, in 1850, they were over 40 per cent. A crowd of men were engaged in cleaning out a well near Mount Jewett. Pa., one day

the well about one hundred feet from the bottom. A flash of lightning cut the cable and the tools were lost in the hole. The piles of old London bridge, driven eight hundred years before, were found to be in good condition when the new bridge

was erected. Bread as a daily article of food is used by only about one-third of the 1.500,000,000 people that constitute the present population of the earth. It may interest those who love to com-

pare man with monkeys to know that the latter frequently get horribly seasick when taken on the ocean. India rubber has been generally considered absolutely water tight, but experi-ments with a hermetically sealed rubber

bottle of water show that it is not. A high grade \$160 bicycle sells for \$200 in silver in the City of Mexico. There are now 15,000 wheels in the city, each subject to an annual tax of \$6, payable in monthly installments.

A ton of Atlantic water, when evaporated, yields eighty-one pounds of salt; a ton of Pacific water, seventy-nine pounds; the water of the Dead sea more than twice as much-187 pounds to the ton. There seems at first to have been a fool-

ish notion among coffee drinkers that the coffee should be taken scalding hot; and its enemies naturally made great fun of the rueful faces of the suffering enthusiasts. A collector of bad debts who lives in a New Jersey town drives a horse over which is thrown a sheet bearing this in-scription: "This horse stops only in front of houses whose inmates are bad pay." There is a man and his wife in Jasper, Fla., who have twenty-nine children, twenty sons and nine daughters, and besides they have sons-in-law and daugh-ters-in-law to the number of twenty-six. The Sultan of Turkey not only has a rigid censorship of the press, but he has ordered that no newspapers be published until the afternoon, so that the censors will not have to forego their morning nap in order to

supervise them. The largest proportion of single persons is found in Ireland and Scotland, and the smallest in the United States. In Ireland 67 per cent., in Scotland 65 per cent., but in the United States only 59 per cent. are in

The greatest depth, writes Prof. Seeley, in his "Story of the Earth," at which carthquakes are known to originate, is about thirty miles. It has also been calculated that a heat sufficient to melt granite might occur at about the same depth. Liverpool receives some curious cargoes at times, cargoes of turtles and other live and dead animals, casks of leeches, ship-loads of bones from battlefields, of human

mummies from the Egyptian tombs, and of dead cats from the cat cemeteries of the same country. The game of billiards, it is said, was invented by a London pawnbroker, named William Kew. It is further stated that the name given to the game was derived from "Bill's yard," because his first effort with the game was with his yardstick and the

three balls which hung in front of his place of business. An army surgeon suggests that where fear of "the seemingly dead being buried alive" exists, a bottle of chloroform be buried with the corpse, in order that its fumes may prevent a return of conscious ness and a realizing sense of the horrors

of being immured in a coffin beneath the ground. Haleyon days was a name anciently given to seven days before and the sam number after the winter solstice, when the halcyon, induced by the beauty of the weather, laid her eggs in nests built in the rocks close by the brink of the sea. The halcyon, or alcedo, is in ornithology a kingfisher, a genus of the class aves, or-

The last time a British soldier was shot for disobedience of orders is believed to have been during the month of April, 1860, when a private of the Fifth Bengal Regiment was court-martialed and shot for disobeying the orders of a Lance corporal by refusing, with two others, to take a comrade to the guard room. The one who was

shot was on duty at the time. Pepys, in his "Memoirs," records an extraordinary instance of mild weather during the winter season in England. Writing under date, Jan. 21, 1661, he says: is strange what weather we have had all this winter; no cold at all; but the ways are dusty, and the flies fly up and down and the rose bushes are full of leaves; such a time of the year as was never know in this world before here."

HUMGR OF THE DAY. Not Literally.

Buffalo Times. She-Pearl Playce's gold-buckle garters that she wears with her bloomer suit are just out of sight-don't you think so? He-Well-er-hardly.

Both Are Sharp Fellows. New York World. "I'm the machine that can get a head of human beings," boasted the guillotine. 'Well, I sometimes take a hand myself,'

replied the buzz saw, modestly, Knowledge from Experience. Detroit Free Press. "What bird has the best means of attack and defense?" asked the teacher.

"The hornet," answered the lynx-eyed boy at the foot of the class. Style. Detroit Tribune.

Customer-The doctor says the gown you have made me leaves no room for my liver. Modiste-Doctor, indeed! Now what does a doctor know about the styles? Brought Them to Tenrs.

Detroit Free Press. "Did you notice how the audience wept at that death scene of mine?" asked Barn-"Yes. They knew you still lived," answered his rival, Hamfatter.

Never Heard Of. "I believe he had two sons; one of them was lost at sea and the other became Vice President of the United States. "And, of course, neither of them was heard of afterwards?"

Its Origin.

Hardened Hannigan (musingly)-I wonder who invented dat angel cake de ladies gives Drowsy Dunnigan-I dunno; but I t'ink t'was dat fallen angel.

Nothing to Fear.

New York Weekly. Lady-Little boy, isn't that your mother calling you? Little Boy-Yes'm. "Why don't you answer her, then?" "Pop's away."

Terrible. New York Herald. New Boarder-This rain is good for the farmer. Brings things up out of the ground, you know. Farmer-Gosh! Don't talk that way. I've just buried my third wife.

Wasting Words.

Dry Goods Clerk-Those goods are 49 cents a yard, and they are worth a dollar and a Mrs. Isaacs (severely)-I know vot dey are vorth, young man! You don't need to tell me nodings but der brice.

A Pargain. Puck. He-Well, did you make arrangements to board for the summer? She-Yes; and they will take Johnny He-That's first rate. If they knew Johnny, they would make us pay for him

a la carte. Too Much to Expect.

Toy Jobber-Seems to me your charge for "liquor for customers" is enormous. Traveling Salesman-You sent me on the road with a great lot of Christmas toys and Christmas tree ornaments? "Well, you don't suppose a drummer can

sell people Christmas things in July without getting them drunk, do you?" What He Needed. New York Weekly.

Mr. Woodware-That young fellow you have in your office is the most conceited puppy I ever ran across Mr. Queensware-Yes, I know; but you must remember he is young yet and his character is not fully formed. He has never been tried by fire. Mr. Woodware-Then you'd better fire

"Too Lazy to Grow Strong."

a stronger physique than a woman, it is also true that the boy's freedom of body and more active life are largely account- for four years, his father having died in able for the man's more robust physical development. Physicians and physical cul- family exchequer had been more robust he ture teachers everywhere agree that this is so Said one physician, a man who had particularly studied women: "Women can obtain greater physical

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WINES. woman's organization that forbids it. and Tanderagee castle, County Armagh, Ire-

we are finding out more and more daily. Many young women are too lazy to grow strong. They cannot walk a dozen blocks, or do anything that calls for the slightest physical strength. Why? Because there is an inherent quality in the woman's body forbidding it? Not at all. Because they nev-

er have done it. There is no other reason on earth. The women who are growing stronger mentally and physically can smile at the objectors who tell them they cannot do this or that and answer by doing what they are accused of being incapable of doing. But the more timid and the younger ones, who yet hesitate to venture into new fields of activity in the face of opposition and ridi-cule, need the assistance of professional opinion and the encouragement of those

who have gone before.

WIFE FOR A POOR DUKE. Miss Van Alen's Rumored Alliance to the House of Manchester. Newport Letter in Washington Post.

If Dame Rumor knows what she is talking about the next international marriage of note will be between Miss May Van Alen, daughter of James J. Van Alen, and the young Duke of Manchester, who has not yet seen his twentieth birthday. Six months ago it was said that the Duchess of Manchester would bring her son here this summer for the particular pur pose of marrying him to an American girl of wealth. The young man has not been married yet, but it looks as if the news of six months ago were true. It seems to be so generally understood that the Duchess is hunting for a rich wife for her boy that

it occasions very little talk.

It is well known that she is dreadfully poor, in the rich meaning of the word, and that it is quite essential for her happiness, as well as that of the young Duke, that he should marry a rich girl. Miss May Van Alen, the young girl whose name has been linked with that of the Duke, has not yet "come out," will be attended to in a week or two by a large reception which Mr. Van Alen will give at his Newport home. This comingout affair promises to be one of the gala events of the season, as Mr. Van Alen knows as much about entertaining as did the late Ward McAllister, and that is saying a good deal. The Duchess of Manchester and her son will be the special guests as the air of a Thuringen health resort, of honor at this function, and, in fact, they | The villa is situated in the most retired ter and her son will be the special guests have been entertained oftener at Mr. Van Alen's house than any other place in Newport. The friendly feeling between the two families has been so marked that it would not surprise some people if Mr. Van Alen and the Duchess should embark upon the matrimonial sea, but this is not probable. Miss Van Alen is just nineteen, and while she will not shine as a beauty, she will be a popular girl in the gay world. She was relieved by bright brown wood-work. To born abroad, in Paris, and was educated there. She is quite as much of a foreigner as she is American, although her parentage is strictly the latter. Her mother was the eldest daughter of Mrs. William Astor, her uncle being John Jacob Astor, the present

head of the family. When her mother married Mr. Van Alen it created a great ruction in the Astor family. There had been an ancient feud between the Astors and the Van Alens, and the families were always at daggers' points, is fittted up with all manner of pretty and William Astor, father of Mrs. Van Alen, tried in every way to break off the match. He was a hot-tempered man, who treasured animosities like a miser does his gold. He told his daughter that he would disown her if she married Van Alen, but even this threat did not have the desired effect. The marriage took place, and then Mr. Astor settled \$10,000 a year on his daughter, with the understanding that she would live abroad. At that time Mr. Van Alen had not come into his present wealth, and the \$10,000 a year had it influence.

try with his children he at once became a tween the Astors and the Van Alens ended with the death of William Astor some years ago, and now there is nothing but harmony, Mr. Van Alen took a prominent part in the Cleveland-Harrison campaign of 1892, and it cratic national campaign fund. After his election Mr. Cleveland appointed Mr. Van Alen minister to Italy, but there was such a hue and cry raised that Mr. Van Alen

The young Duke of Manchester will not be twenty-one until March 3, 1898. His full name is William Angus Drogo Montagu, and he has been in possession of his title 1802. He was educated at Eton. If the would have been sent to Oxford, where there are many fine opportunities for a young man of his standing to pile up debts at a terrific pace. He has three family erative. They are Kimbolton castle and she doesn't stay, we pack up and go back

The pedigree of the young Duke is dis-tinguished. It practically begins with Sir Henry Montagu, who in 1620 was created Baron Montagu, when he was Lord Treas-urer of England. In 1626 this gentleman was made Earl of Manchester. The fourth Earl of Manchester did a lucky thing when he took sides with William of Orange, When the latter scored his historical su cess he did not forget the Earl, and in 1719
the Earl was made Duke of Manchester.
The young Duke's mother is an American.
She was Miss Consuelo Yznaga, daughter
of Antonio Yznaga del Valle, of Ravenswood, La. In 1855 she married George Victor Drogo Montagu. Viscount Mandeville. Later Lord Mandeville became the Duke of Later Lord Mandeville became the Duke of Manchester upon the death of his father.

As Lady Mandeville she visited Mr. and Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt shortly after their marriage, and the result was a big row between the newly wedded couple. Mr. Vanderbilt, it was said, was too attentive to Lady Mandeville. Mrs. Vanderbilt doubtless repented of her jealousy, for when her first baby came she was christened Consuelo, after Lady Mandeville. That baby is now the young Duchess of Mariborough.

Glimpse of Lilli Lehmann's Home Life

Harper's Bazar. To those who know and admire Lill Lehmann as a great singer and an actress of exceptional genius a glimpse of her home life is especially interesting. In one of the suburbs of Berlin there is the Grunewald. Formerly quite extensive in area, this grove, which is one of the principal pleasure grounds of the Berliners. and which literally swarms with people of all classes on Sundays and holidays, has been cut up of late years to meet the demands of modern transportation and to accommodate a colony of pretty villas. The

most unique of these suburban residences is perhaps the one belonging to the celebrated prima donna. The approach to the Grunewald, either by car or carriage, is most arid and unattractive, until you arrive at the outskirts of the wood, where the Lehmann-Kalisch villa stands. The pine trees are not at al imposing in appearance, but the quality of the atmosphere undergoes a comp change as soon as the wood is reached when it becomes as pure and invigorating part of the Grunewald, in the midst of a large garden of trees and shrubs; it is devold of flowers, because their cultivation in the sandy Grunewald soil, which is so fav-

orable to the growth of pine trees, would The villa, a reproduction of a genuine peasant cottage (but of adequate dimensions), is of the daintiest order. It is white obtain admittance to this pretty dwelling the visitor must first ring at a high ornamental gateway, then cross the garden to a low flight of steps leading to a charming little Swiss porch, which forms the enground floor of the villa is occupied by a sitting-room, such as are seen in America Frau Lehmann says she got many of her ideas for her home while with us), which is built out from a winding stairway, as curious things. The hall opens into a par-lor filled with cozy-looking furniture and containing a grand plane. It is adorned with paintings and photographs of many crowned heads. Adjaining the parlor is a dining room, simply furnished in old Ger-

man style, whose covered balcony floods the room with light. An Etching-After Crane.

An old brick house, blood-red, with a ghastly gray roof. A distorted by writhes about it in a strangling embrace. The win-When Mr. Van Alen returned to this counleading figure in swelldom. The breach be- dows show dark and mysterious in the burid twilight An iron dragon on the gable shricks in the bitter east wind, and the brass knocker on the inhospitable door is wrought like an evil face. A lilac thicket huddles in was said contributed \$50,000 to the Demo- one corner of the weedy yard and seems covering a crime in its tangled branches, Poison-bloated toads squat on the neglect-ed walk and a gaunt hound howls from the

broken doorstep. A hearse-like carriage, drawn by spectral horses, pauses at the ruined gate. A tall figure descends, wrapped in a long cloak, his haggard face shadowed by the slouch of his hat. maiden who sinks into the first chair with a sickening thud. A woman in a scarlet

gown turns her purple eyes inquiringly upon the two. "Agnes!" the man exclaims bitterly: "I have become desperate; this is the fifth